

*Nym.* I shall haue my Noble?

*Pist.* In cash, most iustly payd.

*Nym.* Well, then that the humor of it.

*Enter Hostesse.*

*Host.* As euer you come of women, come in quickly to fir John: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

*Pist.* *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

*Nym.* The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carceres.

*Pist.* Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambkins) we will liue.

*Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.*

*Bed.* For God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and euen they do bear themselves, As if allegiance in their bosomes fare.

*Bed.* The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of.

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

*Sound Trumpets.*

*Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.*

*King.* Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Masham, And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts: Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the acte, For which we haue in head assembled them.

*Scro.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

*King.* I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That growes not in a faire consent with ours: Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish Success and Conquest to attend on vs.

*Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd, Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subject That sits in heart-greefe and vncasinesse.

*King.* True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you With hearts creast of duty, and of zeale.

*King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness, And shall forget the office of our hand, Sooner then quitance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthinesse.

*Scro.* So seruice shall with Steele and sinewes toyle, And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope.

*King.* We Iudge no lesse, Vnlike of Exeter, That rayl'd against our person: We consider It was excessiue of Wine that set him on.

*Scro.* That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

*King.* O let vs yet be mercifull.

*Cam.* So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.

*Gray.* Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life, After the taste of much correction.

*King.* Alas, your too much loue and care of me, Are heavy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch:

If little faults proceeding on dislemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care, And tender preseruacion of our person

Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes, Who are the late Commissioners?

*Cam.* I one my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

*Scro.* So did you me my Liege.

*Gray.* And I my Royall Soueraigne.

*King.* Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours: There yours Lord Scroope of Masham, and Sir Knight:

Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours: Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.

My Lord of Westmerland, and Vnlike Exeter, We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you loofe So much complexion? Look ye how they change:

Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood Out of apparence.

*Cam.* I do confesse my fault, And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

*Gray.* *Scro.* To which we all appeale.

*King.* The mercy that was quicken'd vs but late, By your owne counsaile is suppress'd and kill'd:

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy, For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,

As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,

These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere, You know how apt our loue was, to accord

To furnish with all appertinents Belonging to his Honour; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd And sworne vnto the practises of France

To kill vs heere in Hampton: To the which, This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to vs

Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O, What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruell,

Ingratefull, sauge, and inhumane Creature? Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soule, That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,

Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse? May it be possible, that forraigne hyer

Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill, That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

That though the truth of it stands off as grosse As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder, euer kept together, As two yoke duels sworne to eithers purpose,

Working so grossely in an naturall cause, That admiration did not boope at them.

But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in Wonder to waite on treason, and on murder:

And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

And other diuels that suggest by treasons, Do botch and bungle vp damnation,

With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht From glitt'ring semblances of piety:

But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp, Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,

Vnlesse to dob thee with the name of Traitor. If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,

Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world, He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,

And tell the Legions, I can neuer win A soule so easie as that Englishmans.

Oh, how hast thou with ielousie infected The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,

Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned? Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?

Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious? Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,

Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger, Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement, Nor working with the eye, without the eare,

And but in purged iudgement trusting neither, Such and so finely bouldred didst thou seeme:

And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot, To make thee full fraught man, and best indued

With some suspicion, I will weepe for thee, For this result of thine, me thinkes is like

Another fall of Man. Their faults are open, Arrest them to the answer of the Law,

And God acquit them of their practises.

*Exe.* I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Richard Earle of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas Lord Scroope of Masham.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas Gray, Knight of Northumberland.

*Scro.* Our purposes, God fully hath discover'd, And I repent my fault more then my death,

Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgive; Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For me, the Gold of France did not seduce, The sooner to effect what I intended:

But God be thanked for preuention, Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,

Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

*Gray.* Neuer did faithfull subject more reioyce At the discovery of most dangerous Treason,

Then I do at this houre joy ore my selfe, Preuention from a damnd enterprize;

My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

*King.* God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,

Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers, Recey'd the Golden Barneit of Our death:

Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter, His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,

His Subjects to oppression, and contempt, And his whole Kingdome into desolation:

Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge, But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,

Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,

(Poore miserable wretches) to your death: The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

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